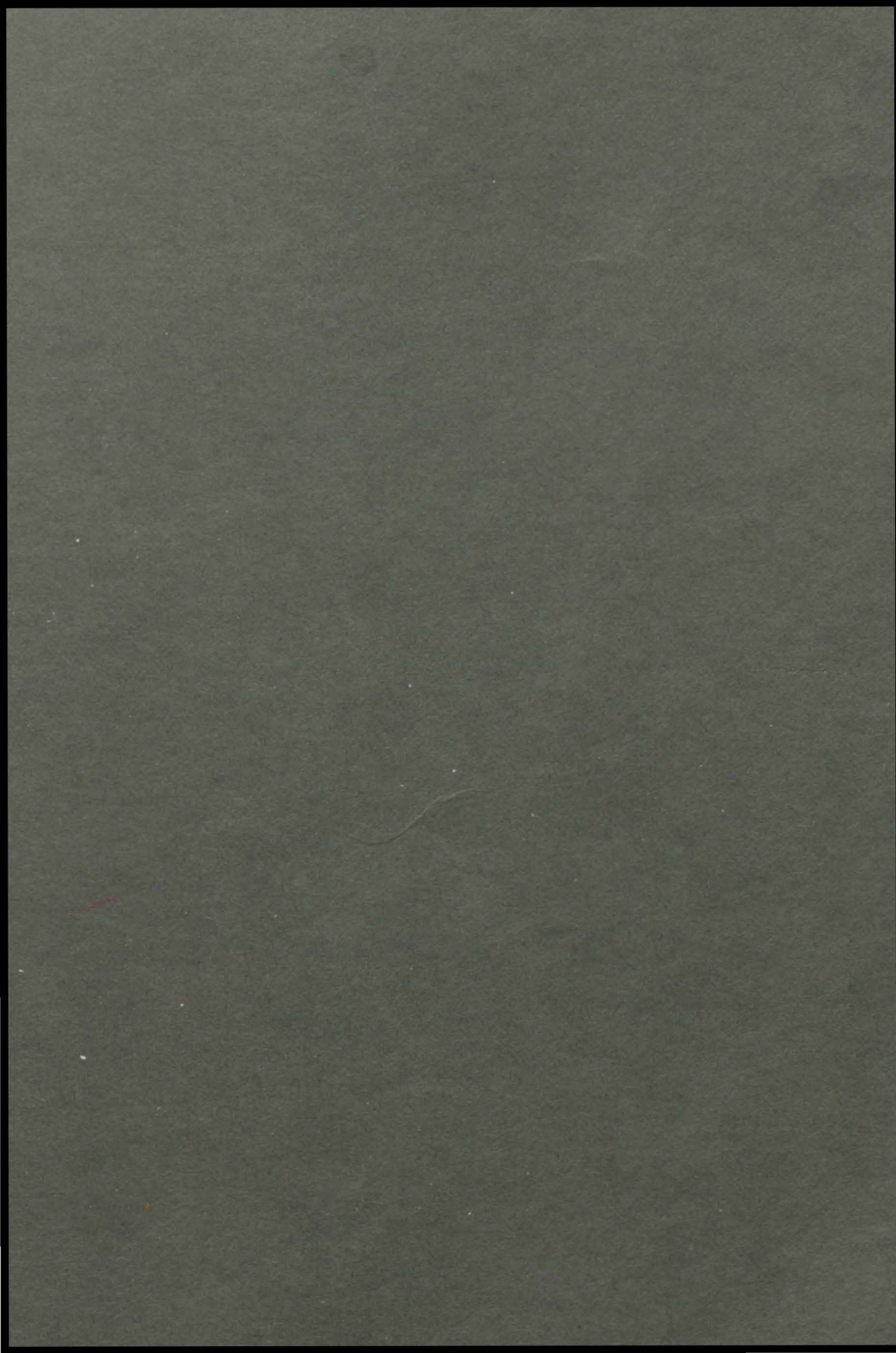
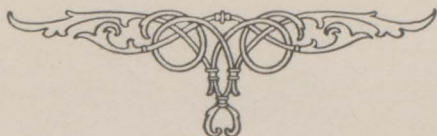




In Memoriam





MRS. S. A. CRANE

THE STUDENT

CHRISTMAS • 1919



PRICE FIFTY CENTS

PORT HURON HIGH SCHOOL
PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

TABLE 13

1910-1911

1912-1913

1914-1915

1916-1917

1918-1919

1920-1921

1922-1923

1924-1925

1926-1927

1928-1929

1930-1931

1932-1933

1934-1935

1936-1937

1938-1939

1940-1941

1942-1943

STUDENT STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	- - -	ALLAN MINNE
BUSINESS MANAGER	- -	GORDON TAPPAN
ADVERTISING MANAGER	-	ALBERT HOGAN
CIRCULATING MANAGER	-	EUGENE LEWIS
ART EDITOR	- -	CURTISS CHALCRAFT
LITERARY EDITOR	-	ALFRED BROWNING
ASSOCIATE LITERARY EDITOR	-	ALICE WEST
SOCIETY EDITOR	- -	ISABEL MacLAREN
PERSONAL EDITOR	- -	FRANCES MOORE
ALUMNI EDITOR	- -	MARIE MAURER
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR	-	ELIZABETH WELSH
EXCHANGE EDITOR	- -	GLADYS LOWE
ATHLETIC EDITOR	-	FREDERICK MOORE
JOKE EDITOR	- - -	WILLIAM HILL
TYPIST	- - - -	HAZEL VAN TINE

Assistants

BUSINESS MANAGER	-	EDWARD PARSONS
ADVERTISING MANAGER	-	JACK TAYLOR

Sophomore Correspondents

PHILLIS TURNBULL	MAC WATERWORTH
------------------	----------------

Freshman Correspondents

JEAN LAIRD	RUSSEL WONDERLIC
------------	------------------

Junior Correspondents

MAVIS WARNER	KENNETH DeGRAW
--------------	----------------

Auditors

MISS NORTHRUP	MISS HAYWARD
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Dedication

To Freshmen, rising Freshmen!
To whom we Seniors look
To carry on what we must leave
To dedicate this book.

In all the years that are to come;
In joyfulness, or woes,
Pray you keep this in mind—
We would not be your foes.

We'd rather help you on and up
To higher things and just,
Than have our closing school days pass
In mutual distrust.

So do your very best and then
When you are Seniors, too,
You'll keep and cherish this small book
And feel that we've helped you.



Spectacular Ruin

Personnel:

King Ludwig of Cologne
Ludovica—Youngest daughter of King.
Sir Kay—King's seneschal.
Sir Wissenschaft—The Knight.
Dragon—The pestilence of the land.
Maids, Butlers, Pages, Court, etc.

Scenes:

Act I. Scene I.—Throne Room.
Act II. Scene I.—Dragon's Den.
Act III. Scene I.—Same as Act I.

ACT I

Scene I

King seated on throne.

Head bowed in grief.

ENTER PAGE.

Page: Sire—the "Morning Herald."

(King does not answer.)

Sire, here is thy morning journal.

King: (Awakening with a start) What is the news?
Has the cursed beast committed another crime? Read it to me!

Page: (Reads) "Twelve more of the honorable King's personal goats were devoured, and Sir Failsomemore, the last knight to try for fair Ludovica's hand, sank to his glorious death this morning."

King: Enough! Take it away! O, miserable beast! Have you no pity! Will no one rescue my fair land?

ENTER SIR KAY.

Sir Kay: Lo, Sire, a Knight, ne Sir Wissenschaft, waits without. He has no armor, his clothes are in rags, no baggage save a knapsack of shining leather. And, Sire, he would battle with ye dragon.

King: Feed him and put him in with one of my chauffeur's. But—hist ye—whence did he say he came?

Sir Kay: On his baggage are three letters in gold—U. S. A.

King: (In ye loud and savage voice) Good luck to him and may the dragon contract appendicitis from his meal! Out of my sight, varlet!

EXIT SIR KAY AND PAGE.

CURTAIN.

ACT II

Scene I

Sir Wissenschaft before the door of the Dragon's den. Pushes button on the door. Bell sounds from within accompanied with shouts and groans.

ENTER DRAGON, roaring.

Sir W.: Infidel be prepared to die. You know me, you have seen my picture, you have read my deeds!

(Dragon bares teeth, blows smoke and fire.)

Dragon: What you egg!

Young fry of treachery!

Out of my sight!

Sir W.: We shall see—

(Takes gas mask and fire extinguisher from knapsack. Puts mask on.)

In the name of Uncle Sam (dragon charges) I send thee to thy doom.

(Turns stream of water on dragon. Orchestra roll kettle drums and rub sand paper together.)

Dragon dies.

CURTAIN.

ACT III

Scene I

King seated on throne with court gathered around him.

Page: (Reads from newspaper) Nov. 11, 1918, EXTRA EDITION. Great victory! Sir Wissenschaft conquers dragon!

(Sounds of drum, trumpet, and honk of automobile in the distance.)

ENTER SIR KAY.

Sir Kay: Sire, the victor waits without.

King: Bring him in.

(Enter procession. Sir W. at head dressed in fine clothes and pages carrying glass case containing fire-extinguisher.)
Welcome, Sir Knight.

Court: Long Live Sir Wissenschaft!! Hero! Conqueror!

Sir W. (Presents dragon's skin.)

Sire: A small present.

King: Small present, indeed! As a small present I dub thee Knight of the Laborer's Round Table: Four hours a day to work—nothing to do and a salary of one franc a second. And, brave knight, take, as a spoil, fair Ludovica to be thy wife.

Sir W. Many thanks, sire, but thy loyal servant, Sir Kay, said, If I be victorious, I should have anything if I but asked for it. Now, as I do not wish the fair damsel, Ludovica, I ask that thou givest me the monopoly of the spectacle industry and that all Germans be compelled to wear them.

Court: (As one man) Wretch!

Sir W.: Thy people will make thee grant my demand for I have saved their useless lives! Thou dost not dare to break thy word.

King: (With bowed head) Let it be so!

CURTAIN.

FINIS

Christmas

It was the day before Christmas. All through the little village people were bustling about, getting everything ready. The streets were crowded with people going to and from the little store of which the village boasted. Men and women were hustling around with their arms full of bundles, and the true spirit of Christmas shining in their happy faces.

For it was a gala day for the village. That night at 5:30 the boys from the village who had been overseas, were returning. Thirty-five men had gone from the little town to serve God, and country, amidst the horrors of war, in France.

But of that brave band only twenty-one remained. The others? They had given their lives, to their country, and the village rejoiced in them even as it mourned for them.

But to some this day was not so full of joy. To the relatives and friends of the dead heroes, the sight of their comrades, would bring only sad memories. But they put up a brave face, not wishing to prevent others from enjoying the day.

Among these was Eleanor Johnson, a tall, good-looking girl, about twenty-four years old. She had been engaged to Jack Wilson, a young fellow who worked on a farm near the village. They were to have been married in June, but he left to join the army.

After about three months of service in France, Second Lieutenant Wilson, (he had been commissioned for bravery in action) led his men over the top one morning. His unit had received orders from headquarters to capture the opposing sector, if it cost them a thousand men.

They captured the trench, but when the remnants of the German force retreated, the gallant lieutenant was missing. The soldiers could not find his body, so he was listed as "missing in action."

For months the girl had waited hoping to receive word that he was alive, but in vain. At last she gave up, reluctantly, and decided he must be dead.

The crowd was beginning to gather around the station, as she approached for the train was nearly due. Five-ten, five-fifteen, five-eighteen,—a whistle blew far down the track. Then the train approached, and stopped.

Everybody was cheering and laughing, and waving their hats. The soldiers were descending from the train. Eleanor counted fifteen, twenty, twenty-one soldiers and then she gasped for still one more khaki-clad man was getting down. For one brief second she looked, not believing her eyes, and then with a loud cry, "Jack," she threw herself into his arms. It was Jack Wilson, clad in an officer's uniform with the D. S. O. pinned on his breast.

Then came the explanations. He had been severely wounded and had been picked up by the Germans. When he recovered he had been transferred to the German internment camp at Wurttemberg. After several months of bad treatment he had killed one of the guards and reached the Holland frontier, and finally reached home.

That day, for the first time in her life, Eleanor realized what happiness meant. It was the greatest and most enjoyable Christmas of her life, for she was united in marriage to Lieutenant John Wilson, D. S. O.

—HARRY ROSS, '20.

"WINTER"

Days grow shorter; nights grow longer,
Gray clouds gather overhead.
Snow whirls swifter; winds howl stronger—
And we snuggle down in bed.
House is cosy; world seems lorn,
So we gather round the fire
To roast apples and pop corn—
And the ruddy flames leap higher.
Looking in the coals, and dreaming
Of past summer days so dear,
While outside the wind is screaming
For 'tis midnight of the year. *

—V. RUTH EVANS, '20.

Teacher's Frolic

What is the idea of the P. H. H. S. Students regarding the life of their teachers? Probably ninety-nine per cent of them would reply that the daily mode of existence of the teachers is this: He (or she) awakes at 6:30 a. m., gets dressed, eats sauerkraut for breakfast and comes to school about 7:45. He then looks over the list of eighth hour absentees of the previous day and formulates terrible rebukes for said absentees. From then on through the day he never ceases his satirical remarks. At last, after the town clock has boomed five times, he puts on his wraps and departs to his lodgings. After a supper of hash and hardtack, he sits down on a hardwood bench, and, arraying stacks of blue books on the table he attacks them with red ink. If there is one letter that the teacher can make to perfection it is an "E."

No, friends, I stand ready to testify that this is not the case with our beloved teachers. By means of a certain medium, the Teachers' Club, they lead a gay, wild life. About 8:30 p. m. or—horrors!—9:00 o'clock a wild mob may be seen rushing into one of the halls of the downtown part of the city. Soon after, to the tune of jazz, they are gliding over the waxed floors. Miss —— is caught winking at Mr. —— and all is noise and frivolity. Encores are numerous and the fun continues until late in the evening. Then loads of delicious refreshments are produced and the chattering crowd lunch until lunching ceases to be a virtue. Then, on with the jazz until all are so tired that the only thought is of a warm and snug bed.

This is the way our "terrible" teachers spend their nights.

—RUSSELL SIMMS.

The Modern "1919" Belle

She sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair;
And is clad in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks;
And though she talks but little,
It is a great deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning
Until nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling
Because she was awakened so soon;
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks are still fresh with paint,—
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,
And men with "flowing hair;"
She's eloquent over mustaches,
They give such a foreign air!
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon;
And, if a mouse were to meet her,
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics
(Though this she will never own,)
Her body is made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,

She marries him for his hair!
One of the very matches,—
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife!

—ELEANOR CADY.

Eighth Hour

Between three-fifteen and four p. m.
At the end of the seventh hour,
Come those dreadful forty-five minutes
Better known as that horrid eighth hour.

I hear in the class room about me
Voices soft and sweet,
But alas! the teacher has heard them
Although they were ever so weak.

I can see as I stand by my locker
Preparing to leave for the day,
The faces sad and mournful
Of those who have to stay.

But at four p. m. when all is still
The classes pass once more
'Tis only a minute, then all are gone,
And that horrid eighth hour is o'er.

—ERMA GOSCHNICK.

Books

A book is a collection of sheets of paper bound together, printed or not. Some were written for reading, some for educational purposes, and a few for the good of our souls. These three classes are still further divided. Books are of many shapes, sizes and colors. Some few are true; a good many are not. No two are just alike; yet when you have read one of a class you have read them all.

Books written for reading are divided into two classes, adult fiction and juvenile fiction. The latter is again divided into three classes, as follows:

1. Books like the Horatio Alger series, in which the hero, an infant from nine to fifteen years, is cast forth into the cold, cruel world to support himself and the rest of the family. He hies to the city, takes a position as bootblack, finds work in a store, and by the time he is nineteen he has married the old man's daughter, thrown the boss out of the store, and assumed full charge of the business himself. He is now on his way to become a second J. D. Rockefeller.

2. Then there is the Henty series, similar to the Alger books. In these, however, the hero is a descendant of a long line of military ancestors and has a feeling that he must go out and kill someone to keep up the family name. Accordingly he goes away to Africa to kill Negroes, or to the South Sea Islands to shoot Polynesians. He comes home covered with wounds, glory, and medals; a bride who is thirty-second cousin to the King of England; and a large amount of buried treasure with which he intends to gold-plate the family name. The one redeeming feature in Henty's books is that he does give a good bit of history mixed in with the junk.

3. Finally, there is a third class of boys' books in which the hero has more adventures in three minutes than an ordinary man has in a life time. They go something like this. He leaves his home in Boston in a powerful two-seated plane that he built himself the day before yesterday. Half-way across the United States he runs into a terrific North Dakota cyclone which wrecks the plane. He leaps overboard with a parachute, lands on the roof of the New York-Chicago-San Fran-

cisco flyer, and thus completes the trip to the Pacific coast. In San Francisco he is kidnapped and put on board a boat headed for Japan. Out at sea the ship is accidentally torpedoed by a submarine belonging to some foreign power, and sent to Davy Jones' locker with all hands, except himself. The submarine picks him up and lands him on the coast of China. Here he takes a balloon, (no one knows how it got there) and sails across Asia into Europe. The balloon bursts very inopportunistly, and he tumbles into Lake Geneva. He is fished out, secures a motor cycle, coasts down the Alps, and reaches the coast of France just as he runs out of gasoline. As he has no money he sets out to swim home. After swimming half-way across the Atlantic he is picked up by a canoe full of Malay Islanders, though how they got into the Atlantic is a mystery, and carried to his home in Boston. In this manner he has completed the circuit of the globe in eight days, sixteen hours, forty minutes, and three seconds. Of course, you understand that nothing has been said concerning his brave rescue of a ship at sea, his participation in a revolution, or his heroic saving of a member of the royal family of Russia from assassination. These are but mild incidentals of the trip. The hero of this story, as well as those of the two preceding stories, is a member of the Annanias club.

4. There is still a fourth type of story—that of the boy who goes west to become a bold, bad, man, and who talks and acts as no western bad man ever did. This bold, bad boy (?) swears three times for each word he speaks, carries six guns and two bowie knives and by reason of silver spurs, fringed buckskin suit, red bandana handkerchief, and Mexican sombrero, he makes a loud noise on the landscape. A genuine western bad man dresses quietly, carries his gun out of sight, and when he swears it is much to the point. Deadwood Dick and Jesse James belong to this type of story.

5. Now we come to the realm of adult fiction. This is divided into two classes—good love stories, and poor love stories. Now, a good love story is all right if there is the proper percentage of love, trouble, robbers, earthquakes, and villains mixed in. But the trouble is that the majority of them are the sweet-molasses, kiss-me-pet, love-me-dearie, sort of stuff that starts on the first page on low C and continues crescendo until it reaches high G on the last page. That is the

trouble with the adult fiction as it is written by Zane Grey, H. B. Wright, R. T. Chambers, or Rex Beach.

6. Educational books are not made to read. These include encyclopedias, biographies, auto-biographies, school-books, etc. The general public as a rule uses this kind of book only when it wants a fact with which it can hit its neighbor over the head while conversing with him over the backyard fence. Encyclopedias contain a large fund of mis-information much used by school children. The same children consult biographies to find out what someone thinks of someone else, and autobiographies are to find out what someone thinks of himself. There is a difference. School-books are used as brainfood, but as they are not very palatable to the pupils they are administered by means of a system of forcible feeding supposed to have been invented by Mrs. Pankhurst and her gang, but which has been used since 6000 B. C. by the school authorities. Truly, Mrs. Pankie, there is nothing new under the sun.

7. Books for the good of our souls—i. e. religious books. The safest way to handle dynamite and TNT is not to touch, the best way to handle this section is to drop it and not talk about it in public.

GEO. McINNIS.

Say, kids, there's one thing I can't stand,
It simply makes me wild
That one so grown in all respects
Should still be such a child.

It makes me rave, it makes me tear,
It makes me—well, oh cats—
I'll solve the mystery with disgust,
It's Arthur Taylor's spats!

YE OLDE MAYDES, 1921.

First Day at School

A Freshman, creeping timidly along the halls meets a Sophomore.

Freshie: "C-could you t-tell me where room T is?"

Sophomore: "Downstairs on the first floor, I guess."
Crunch, crunch. (The fudge was delicious.)

After wandering helplessly around without getting anywhere, the "Freshie" decides to try a Junior.

Freshie: "Please-er-would you tell me where room T is, please?"

Junior: "Up two flights of stairs, three paces to your left, eight to your right, follow your nose, and there you are."

After trudging up the stairs, turning around a few times, the poor little thing was about to give up in despair. Luckily a Senior, noticing his distress, inquired the trouble. Almost in tears, he told her.

"Come this way, little one," she said, and led him to a room he had passed, at least, a half dozen times. But his worries were not over; for, upon entering the room, an excuse was demanded and the whole performance had to be gone over again.

Can anyone wonder why the Freshmen are so quiet and bashful?

—EMILY STEWART.

WORTH WEIL

On these Gray, Frost-y mornings, we love to think of coming Spring. Then all the Lanes will be Green, the Downs on every Hand will blossom with Sweet flowers and we can take a Tuer to the Beach. But now we'd rather Settle in the Kitchen where a bright fire Burns, and Reid. What Moore could we ask? This is Hardt to beat.

MY BONNIE

My Bonnie lies under the auto,
My Bonnie lies under the car,
He can't get the engine to working
And so we must stay where we are.



Oh! look.



Is it Good?



Salute!



St. Clair

P.H.H.S.



Beauties.



Military man.



What?



Up a Tree.



Smiles.



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The eighth session of the House opened with a vim and snap, not experienced in any previous session. Every one seemed awake to the fact that there are more vital questions to be solved during the present session than ever before. The many reforms made, in the making, and proposed seemed to have had an effect upon the members of the house and aroused them to the fact that it's quite as important to prevent foolish and detrimental propositions becoming effective as it is to see that deserving legislation is put to force.

At the beginning of the year and before the regular opening meeting a number of preliminary meetings were held at which the plans and calendar of the eighth session were thoroughly discussed and laid before the body. Among other things a membership campaign was launched the end of which is not yet, but which has netted nearly three times as great a number as at the close of the seventh session.

Then came the election of officers, the following being a list of the selections by the house to guide its destinies during the present session:

Speaker—Paul Brown, New York.

Vice-Speaker—Lloyd Reid, Utah.

Treasurer—Curtiss Chalcraft, Indiana.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Allan Minne, Virginia.

Student Correspondent—Albert Stevenson, Arizona.

Faculty Referee—Theo. Anderson.

Invitations have been sent out to House organizations of the following high schools of the State of Michigan to join our House in a general convention to be held in our city some time during the Christmas holidays:

Grand Rapids Central, Ypsilanti, Detroit Central, De-

troit Western, Saginaw Eastern, Muskegon, Lansing, Kalamazoo, Bay City Eastern, Cass Technical.

It has always been the aim and desire of the House of Representatives of Port Huron High School, officers and referee, to train young men of our High School in the science and art of organization, deliberation, management, system, and efficiency in public service. We feel proud at this time to note that our efforts have not been entirely in vain for as we look over the roster of the other organizations in Port Huron High School, including class organizations, athletics and so forth, we note a goodly number of our members holding important offices and carrying out the duties of these offices with one hundred per cent efficiency.

3. A bill to provide for rules and regulations which shall dispense with Senior session rooms.

4. A bill to provide a National Initiative and Referendum.

The work of this session has been further affected by the organization of debating clubs consisting of House members. These are designated by number, as Club number 1, Club number 2, Club number 3 and so forth. These clubs create a lively interest in several ways; first, when some member presents a bill the debating club of which he is a member naturally chooses to defend said bill. The captain on one of the other teams will volunteer to fight this bill with his club. Secondly, these clubs have sessions outside of regular House meetings in which to prepare and arrange discussions on standard debating topics of the day. There they prepare in readiness for expected debates with similar House of Representative organizations in the state. Several challenges have already been sent out and the workers are in their harness getting ready for the fray.

Several important bills have been brought before the session, most of which are already reported out of committee, some have already been debated and acted upon, and others are now being discussed.

COMMUNITY CIVICS

The introduction of a course in Community Civics into the Junior High School in September placed the Port Huron schools in line with other progressive cities which have al-

ready recognized the importance of citizenship training for the boys and girls who may not continue in Senior High School.

Community Civics teaches us to understand the common interests of the social groups in which we live, and how government takes care of our individual and community welfare. This subject is the most interesting in our course and we are already actively awake to the needs of Port Huron, and to our future responsibility in making it a better place in which to live.

In studying our city we have learned to look at it from seven angles. These are as follows: Economic, Physical, Intellectual, Social, Religious, Aesthetic and Political. Our text book is merely a guide, and the daily newspapers and magazines and Port Huron itself are our most important subjects for study.

We are at work upon a City Survey which we will complete before this semester.

There are one hundred and eight boys and girls in our five classes, and Miss Carlisle expects us to show our ideas of citizenship not only in the civics hour, but everywhere we go, in school and out of it. We are very anxious to get into our own room at the New Washington school so that we can have a real community civics room. This however, does not prevent us from enjoying our school and city, through our broader knowledge of what both of them mean to us. Neither does it prevent us from showing that we are glad to know the things that will make us more intelligent citizens for now and the future.

We hope that next semester the course will be required for everybody, for no one ought to miss it.

—RUSSELL WONDERLIC, '23.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Through the interest of a large number of the business men of Port Huron, Superintendent Davis was able to introduce a vocational training course into 9-B when school opened in September. A great deal was written about the value of such a course in The Times-Herald and so both the boys and their parents knew of its advantages before the time came

for each boy to sign up for the work he liked best. Mr. Draper and other gentlemen addressed meetings and saw to it that every fellow was satisfied when he went to work. The vocational plan allows a boy to attend school one week, and to work the next. In school a special program has been prepared for the vocational classes so that the lessons from books may help with the practical work of the shop or office. All of the boys thus far seem to like the chance to earn something and at the same time not have to drop their books and the associations of the school entirely, and we think they will all stick. Some of them are doing general work around the shops but the majority are doing the work for which they signed.

Among the plants employing boys are the following: Draper Manufacturing Company, Romeo Foundry, Home Manufacturing Company, Anker-Holth Separator Co., Mueller Metals Company, Dry Dock Iron Company, Port Huron Engine and Thresher Company, Moak Machine Company, Times-Herald, Port Huron Gas & Electric Company and the City Engineer's Office.

The interest of the community in the success of the plan is still alive, and the Chamber of Commerce complimented the boys on November 25 by entertaining them at dinner and afterwards taking them to hear the humorist, Strickland W. Gillilan lecture at the Majestic Theatre. Everybody had a good time.

The first group of boys to be enrolled in the new course includes Manuel Kata, John Zaukelus, Cyril Smith, Mern Brown, Norman Burns, Julius Ryan, Lewis Ruddock, Aberdeen Germain, Clarence Murphy, William McKay, Andrew McKay, William Stover, Russell Nelson, Julius James, Arlington Wiegand, Fred Rowan, Frank Kirsch, Waldo Baer, Clare Cooper, Walter Hall, Thomas Johnson, Paul Hardt, Harry Young, Hagan Grevelin, Charles Dodd, Oliver Jenicke, Raymond Boadway, William McCreight.

—G. N. B., '23.

THE FRESHMAN ELECTION: AN EXPLANATION

In justice to the 9-A members of the Freshman group who are unrepresented among the officers of the Class of 1923, an explanation is due "The Student" and the school.

When the election was called it was understood that the 9-B group that will be transferred to the new Junior High School as soon as it is finished, was to arrange for its own organization and so officers were elected by the boys and girls of that class only. Since both 9-A and 9-B compose the Freshman class and there can be only one set of officers, it has been arranged that the present officers from 9-B shall serve for the first semester and then form an advisory committee to the officers who shall be chosen from 9-A for the second semester. While this expedient has been accidental, it may prove an interesting solution to the division of class honors.

—E. C.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Perhaps one of the most important organizations in High School life is the Athletic Association. It is the aim of this organization to promote Athletics—by raising money or in any manner helping the cause of athletics. We have a live organization this year with Frederick Moore, President; Lucile King, Vice-President; Jean Marsden, Secretary; James Beresford, Treasurer; William Hartman, Advertising Manager and Samuel Sullivan, Business Manager as officers. But even with a live and enthusiastic set of officers they need the support of the entire student body. Let us show our School Spirit by backing them up.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Fraser, started its fall drive at the beginning of this semester with about thirty members. At a meeting held October 20 officers were elected to carry out the financial and social duties of this organization. They are: President, Irma Morris; Secretary and Treasurer, Carmelia Graziadei. It is hoped by the members that this will be a most successful year.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club was organized November 7 under the direction of Miss Fraser, Supervisor of Music. Eighteen boys were enrolled. Plans are under way, which they hope will bring about a most successful year. The club has seen the need of a school orchestra, and are making arrangements for one. The officers who are to take charge of the financial and social duties of this organization are not as yet elected.



SH+G GANG



W O I S I T



WHAT THEY SEE



ASK Any of The S.H.+G They Know



JOYS OF CHAINING ACROSS D.U.R TRACKS.



acaboli gr SH+G Gang



We wish to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have aided the "Student" staff in any way whatsoever. If your material was not accepted do not be discouraged, but try again.

The ideal of the staff is to use only such material as will give a lasting impression of the life of the different classes; that is: to get the atmosphere of school life in this and the succeeding issue. We hope that when you look at your "Students" in the future years the pictures and articles will teem with life and not be mere efforts of long-forgotten classmates. Don't you think this well worth working for? We do!

In your next effort, for we hope you will try again, confine your literary work as much as possible, to student activities. In writing do not use large words, have a general plot of real interest and always bring in live characters. In this way each one of you can help us attain our aims.

Will you help?

ALFRED BROWNING, Lit. Ed.

STUDENTS ATTENTION

Years ago high school students were of the opinion that the lessons given out by their teachers were more or less tasks which were being imposed upon them. They believed that they were doing this and that work solely for the teachers' benefit.

Today the high school curriculum has been made flexible

so as to fit the needs of the student and the subjects taken are for the most part elective rather than prescribed. We are trying to make the student feel his responsibility toward the school of which he is a member. We are trying to convince him that the success of his future depends to a large extent upon his work while in school. We are trying to show him that the school is being run for his benefit and not for the teachers. In this I am glad to say we have the hearty co-operation of the student body.

Boys and girls of high school age, like grown-ups have a contempt for flattery but like to be told when they have done a thing well. We believe in appreciation for good work done. We likewise believe that their parents should know it as well as be notified of poor work done. We are all trying to show the student that there is something greater in life than selfish interests. We are all dependent upon others. The real citizen is the man or woman who is more concerned about the affairs of the city, state and nation than he is about himself. Let us modify this just a little and say that the real student is the boy or girl who is more concerned about the scholarship, attendance and rating of their school than they are about themselves. Let us therefore so do our work that it will not only be a credit to ourselves but to the school in general. Give thought and attention to your lessons. Why not think?

How often you hear the expression, "He failed because he didn't have any sand" or "he didn't have enough nerve." In my mind there is a wide difference between these two expressions. I found the following poem the other day and the thought at once struck me that perhaps some of our boys and girls are failing in their school work because they have forgotten their supply of sand. I recommend therefore that all students of the Port Huron High School read this poem and if needed renew their supply of sand.

WHY NOT THINK?

It's a little thing to do,
Just to think.
Anyone, no matter who,
Ought to think.
Take a little time each day
From the moments thrown away,

Spare it from your work or play,
Stop and think.

You will find that men who fail
Do not think.
Men who find themselves in jail
Do not think.
Half the trouble that we see,
Trouble brewed for you and me,
Probably would never be
If we'd think.

Shall we journey hit-or-miss,
Or shall we think?
Let's not go along by guess,
But rather to ourselves confess,
It would help us more or less
If we'd think.

—SALES SENSE.

Muskegon, Mich., Nov. 24, 1919.

My dear friends:—

I received your kind invitation to write a letter for the "Student" and have intended writing every day,—but, as usual, excuses and no letters.

It was intimated that perhaps I was so busy with my work that I had forgotten my friends in Port Huron. However, such is not the case, as I have thought of you all, many many times. I am also delighted with the letters that I receive from some of you from time to time. I assure you I am pleased to receive them as I am interested in all of your work and activities.

I will tell you something about our high school, which will be of interest to you all. There are one thousand two hundred students enrolled in the school, also a corps of sixty-six teachers. This will give you some idea of the size of the institution. The Hackley Manual Training School, which is across the street from our building, is in connection with it. When a student graduates he is able to follow any line of work, as he graduates from both schools.

As most of you know I am teaching public speaking.

Every English class has a public speaking class once a week, so I meet during a week's time 19 different classes, or 436 students. However, I have become accustomed to seeing new faces each hour and can call all of them by their respective names. At first I thought it was a hopeless task.

I am afraid I will have to bring this letter to a close, as I know you will all be tired reading it, and are very anxious to read the jokes and read and look over the "snaps" and pictures.

I wish you good luck with your "Student" and again wish to thank you for asking me for a contribution.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I remain,

Your friend,

JANE OLIVE HARTSIG.

OUR "BACKERS"

We students of Port Huron High School are very thankful to our business men and Chamber of Commerce who backed us in football when we had no field to play on, where we could collect gate receipts. Not many schools have such fine support from the towns people and in turn it is only fair that the students should patronize local interests wherever possible. In advertising for the Student there has been but few refusals and the majority of our advertisers were only too glad to give us advertisements, without which the Student would never have gone to press. Our merchants show an interest in our activities which is very fine and which we must try to deserve.

—EDITOR.

CLASS MEETINGS

Why is it that a student thinks that it is not necessary for him to attend class meetings?

Most of them make this statement, "Well, there are only a few who will 'run it' anyway, so why should I go?"

Of all the poor excuses this is the poorest, the reason why a certain few "run" every meeting is because there are always a great number of students who vote the way the other fellow does. The result is that a few run things, if we would go to a class meeting, vote the way we think best and

express our ideas, our politicians would not be able to "put things over on us." It is the lack of this spirit that allows Bolshevism. If the people would get busy and think things over and vote according to the way they think best the United States would be a model country.

—EDITOR.

SPRIT IN ATHLETICS

Spirit is the thing that makes football teams win, the same is true of basket ball and baseball. Port Huron High School has never been noted for being an especially spirited school. The reason no one knows.

Our city is being made into one of the greatest and with our city our school must grow. We have just as good and some better athletes than any other school in the state but we don't get behind them and push as ye should, that is with the exceptiton of a very few. Our cheer leaders are working with might and main but they alone can't make all the noise, can't give all the spirit a team needs. It takes organized cheering, organized support to do the work.

Basket ball season has started and baseball will soon follow it. Now then let us show our real spirit and help P. H. H. S. be first on both.

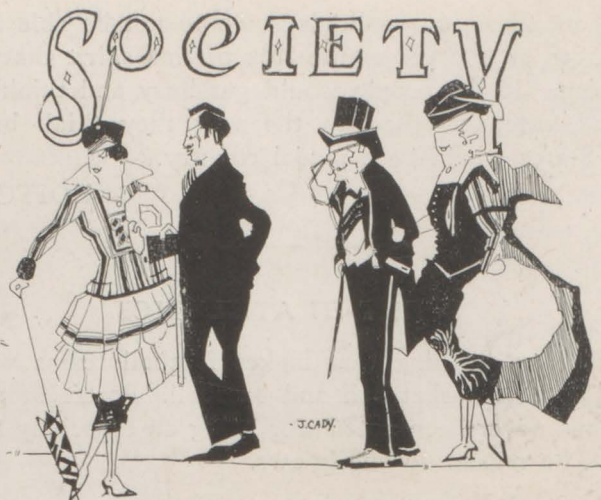
—EDITOR.

THE STUDENT

For some reason or other many people in school have the idea that the "Student" is a Senior paper. Far be it from the case. The "Student" is a school paper and should have interest taken in the whole school. As has been the custom the annual is a far larger issue than this and it is the hope of the "Student" that the whole school will contribute material. Stories are needed as well as snap shots, jokes and any new ideas that you may have.

Thanking you in advance for your help and material for the Annual and Easter issues, I wish you a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

—EDITOR.



ENTRE, CLASS OF 1923

September 15, 1919 was a "Red Letter" day in Port Huron High School and it will stand out for the next century as the most important day in the history of the school because on that day a distinguished group of eighty-four girls and seventy-seven boys of the Class of 1923 arrived to enter upon their High School careers.

We were not wholly welcome because we had been expected to open the new Washington school. But that building was not completed so we were forced to come to the Senior High School. Now that we are here we are trying to be model Freshmen, by having both good scholarship standing and good high school citizenship.

Beginning this semester the regular high school program has been enriched, and our class has two unusual advantages, that is a Vocational Training Course for boys who want to use both brain and muscle and a Community Civics Course which is to lay an intelligent foundation for good citizenship in both the school and the community. These advantages not only help the class, but the community also ought to be grateful.

We believe that we have established friendly relations with Mr. Hungerford, the faculty, and the upper classes; and we hope everybody will be sorry when we leave and will want us back again as Sophomores.

—JEAN LAIRD.

FRESHMAN ELECTION

Bound not to be outdone by the upper classmen, the Freshman class held a short and snappy meeting for fifteen minutes, October 18, for the purpose of electing officers. Miss Carlisle took charge of the meeting, and the Freshman body elected as officers:

President—Russell Wonderlic.

Vice-President—Jean Laird.

Secretary—Doris DeGraw.

Treasurer—John Ottaway.

Class Yell Master—Leonard Simms.

SOPHOMORES

The Sophomore Class was the last class to hold a meeting and elect officers. The meeting was held and the old time pep soon bubbled up. Officers elected were:

President—George Durand.

Vice-President—Francina Fead.

Secretary—Esther Pace.

Treasurer—Frederick Sturmer.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Mac Watterworth.

A few days later another meeting was held to make up for lost time. They decided to have a party, the date being set for November 26. It is the first class party to be given this year and the Sophomores claim—the best.

Advisors chosen at this meeting were: Miss Avery and Miss Scupholm.

JUNIOR ELECTION

The first meeting of the Junior class was held September 27, 1919, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. Our Sophomore president, Mavis Warner, acted as chairman and more pep and spirit was displayed than has heretofore been shown in this class.

President—Francis Appel.

Vice-President—Frances Smith.

Secretary—Eleanor Meisel.

Treasurer—George McInnis.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Byron Philps.

The advisors chosen by the class were Miss Woodward and Miss Blake.

SENIOR ELECTION

Called to order by the former president, Albert Hogan, the Senior class met on September 28, to elect officers for the year. Following the precedent set by this class, the election was full of "pep and snap," everyone taking an active part.

The officers elected:

President—Charles Taylor.

Vice-President—Isabel MacLaren.

Secretary—Marie Herbert.

Treasurer—Harlan Hungerford.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Nan Marsden.

The advisors chosen were Miss Northrup and Miss Everham.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR PARTY

"Um! ! Didn't we have some time at that party, Friday?"

"Naw—I didn't stay. You don't catch me going to their old parties no siree—"

"Why we had the best time. The Seniors took us around and introduced us to everybody—My—I met a bunch!"

"Pretty soon the music started and we began to dance. It was lots of fun. I wouldn't take a step without bumping someone. Course those who didn't want to dance, could go down and play games, but the music was so "peppy" we'd rather dance than play games. After while I went down to see what they were doing and what do you think? They were making little gum animals. Funniest cats and dogs I ever did see. Then we bobbed for apples and made paper hats. Miss Northrup and Miss Carlisle certainly made it interesting. We had a grand march to see who should get the prize for the best hat. Now comes the good part. We went downstairs and the Senior girls served us hot chocolate and sandwiches. Say it was good. Those Seniors sure gave us a good time."

"I kinda wish't I'd been there."

THE SOPHOMORE PARTY

On November 26, the Sophomores held their class party. Dancing and games were participated in until six o'clock, when the call came for volunteers to the tables in the base-

ment. None asked for exemption. At the close of the luncheon speeches were made by Alex Avery, George Durand, Myrtle Harper, Franklin Maguveral, and by our worthy advisor, Miss Avery. Dancing was resumed until seven-thirty, when the company departed, declaring the party a "Huge Success."

—PHYLLIS TURNBULL.

A MASS MEETING

A mass meeting which proved most interesting and helpful was the one held Friday, October —, when Mr. Krake, the State Representative for Community Singing, led a sing. Mr. Krake in his remarks previous to the sing pointed out the value of singing. Everyone can sing—should sing—and likes to sing.

THE BIG IDEA

The Senior Class have just cause to feel proud of the dramatic abilities of Alfred Browning. Mr. Browning took a leading part in the play, "The Big Idea," handling his difficult role with a real professional air. From the high school, taking other parts in the play were, Mr. Theo. Anderson of the faculty and George Durand, a Sophomore; each playing his part with marked ability.

ASSEMBLIES

In accordance with the custom of previous years, the first of a series of assemblies given by the Student Staff took place Wednesday, October 26. The opportunities to trip the light fantastic come about twice a month. After a week of hard work there is nothing so refreshing and enjoyable as an hour or two of "jazzing." Just imagine yourself gliding around on the waxed floors in the halls of the high school to the peppy music of Russel Simms. If you haven't attended the assemblies don't fail to seize your next opportunity.

These assemblies prove profitable not only from a social standpoint but also financially—for the funds derived from these assemblies help defray expenses on the "Student." Come one,—Come all.



THE CHARACTER OF BOOKS

It was dusk. The last rays of the late autumn sun, having faded, a silver gray mist settled over the ancient library and its sole occupant.

He represented time, for he had lived long. Even now, though age had crested him as the snow caps the mountains, some of the rugged vitality of youth still clung to his massive frame. He belonged to the type of man who lives the fullest life, delving into the hopeless pits of despair and again rising on wings of faith and hope to the mighty happiness of life. He had won friends; he had lost friends: but always he had books. Every thought he had formed, some book had shown him how. Every mood he had felt, some book had sympathized.

Tonight, the fallen leaves gently skirting the windows, the wind stirring the creaking branches, the old man fell into a reverie. Odd moments of his life, passed quickly through his mind.

Before him was his first lighthouse, his beautiful and noble mother. She was reading to him. What was the story? Oh! yes. Tonight they were fairy tales. Then they were real. It was through their power, that he, after sixty years could still look forward without fear and believe in a world to come.

The wind whistled shrilly but it disturbed him not. He was a boy again, huddling close to the chimney piece in the

old garret. Of course it was cold but he was breathlessly, anxiously following A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes.

How he had enjoyed Hans Christian Andersen's Ugly Duckling, even though he had played the most ungraceful part. It was with no little pain, that he remembered when as a verdant, budding Freshman, he first entered Hickoryville High. Even the old professor laughed when the angular, long-nosed piece of humanity tip-toed into the room and sat down. But tables were turned, and he departed four years later, not the graceful swan of old, but at least as well made a duck as the rest of them.

There had been a time when he, a mere man shrank from boarding a crowded street car or assisting in a city carnival or fiesta. With a sigh of relief he reviewed the long struggle to preserve in his own life the great idea of Zangwill's "Melting Pot."

The dreamer turning to the dying embers on the grate, exclaimed softly, "Now I know that Rosie O'Grady and the captain's lady are sisters under the skin."

It was only after a close acquaintanceship with Walt Whitman that he at last learned that men and trees are truly second cousins.

The room grew dark. Not the howling winds, outside, but the notes of a bugle filled the ears of the old man as he rose to his unsteady feet. He felt himself a soldier again, thrilled with love of adventure while he realized that only the consoling, urging words of the Bible, "Greater love hath no man than this; that he give his life for his fellowman," had forced him to fight for Cuban Independence. For he knew like Henry Van Dyke's "Other Wise Man" that this sacrifice was the most acceptable jewel for man to offer.

With feeble steps he crosses the room; turned on the light, noticing a copy of "Life" lying on the table he thought of the many laughs this bright morsel of literature had brought to him. He recalled how often it had convinced him that life had its bright side.

A small picture also lay upon the table. The face was young, fragile and sweet. "If she had lived," he sighed, gently picking it up and I know "God will give them all back again, in the field of life above."

The door opened softly, and admitted a tall young man,

seemingly an exact reproduction of Mr. Pringle himself. It was his nephew Jud, who had happened in to discuss the momentous question, the Peace Treaty, for this old man, a dreamer and lover of books was still a man of ideas.

The High School Library is open every day. Make books your friends.

—EDITOR OF '19.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, November 17, 1919.

Dear Class of 1920 and Friends:—

As one of the many alumni of Port Huron high school, would like to say a few things concerning the University of Michigan. The slogan of the University for this year is "Let's Go Michigan." You Port Huronites still in high school might add one word to that and have, "Let's Go To Michigan." And why Michigan rather than some eastern or southern college. First, because it is one of the best universities in the world, and, second, because it is the university of our state, kept up by our own people.

You have no idea of the pleasure one gets, when away from home, on meeting some of his old schoolmates, or in hearing of some honorable things which they have done. Here, in our university, one can get ample opportunities for both. This year there are no less than thirty Port Huron students on the campus and each one doing his best in his own line of work. Let us double this number next year and make our body of students an active one so that it may return home with many well earned honors.

Wishing the "Student" every success, and with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I am,

Respectfully yours,

ELSIE E. PRESSPRICH.



Football

A few days after school opened, Coach Myers called out all those who wished to try out for football. There were between forty and fifty to respond to the call—one of the largest turnout in the history of the school. After a little over a week of practice (September 27) we played Detroit Northern, one of the strongest teams in Detroit, and were defeated by a score of 31 to 0. The team lacked practice and team work which it set out to correct during the next week of practice. On October 11, we went to Ann Arbor to play, and were badly defeated. On October 18 we went to Detroit to play the powerful Northwestern team, and were beaten by a score not mentionable. On October 27 we went out to Richmond to play. It had rained for two days previous and the field was in bad condition. Nevertheless we succeeded in defeating them by a score of 12 to 0. The feature of the game was a 75 yard run by Philip for a touchdown. On the following Saturday, (November 1) we played the Flint school for the Deaf and Dumb, and easily defeated them by a score of 31 to 6, which could have been 100 to 0 had we wished to make it that. At this game the team showed better style of football and better team work than they had ever shown before. On November 8 we played the strong Arthur Hill team from Saginaw. Both teams were of about the same weight. It looked like a hard battle from the beginning of the game. We scored a touchdown early in the third quarter with less than a minute to play. Saginaw succeeded in completing a forward pass and running the length of the field for a touchdown. Then they kicked the goal, making the score 7 to 6 in favor of the Saginaw team. The game was over—we were only beaten in score because we outplayed them in every respect.



On November 15 we went to Pontiac to play. After a long and tiresome journey we were defeated by the Pontiac aggregation by a score of 14 to 0.

On November 21 we played Ypsilanti at Pine Grove Park. The teams were evenly matched. We succeeded in getting a touchdown in the first period and another in the last period, making the score 14 to 0. The Ypsi team, unable to take their first defeat of the season, were withdrawn from the field about the middle of the last quarter. The score stood 14 to 0 in favor of the locals.

Captain Charles Bonnett because of injuries received early in the season was unable to play in the last five or six games. Glenn Caulkett, Roy Stewart, Carlton Freeland also were unable to finish the season because of injuries and other reasons.

FOOTBALL

Detroit Northern	31	P.H.H.S.....	0	Sept. 27
Ann Arbor	46	P.H.H.S.....	0	Oct. 11
St. Clair	6	P.H.H.S.....	46	Oct. 15
Detroit Northwestern ..	64	P.H.H.S.....	0	Oct. 18
Richmond	0	P.H.H.S.....	12	Oct. 27
Flint, D. & D.	6	P.H.H.S.....	31	Nov. 1
Saginaw, Arthur Hill...	7	P.H.H.S.....	6	Nov. 8
Pontiac	14	P.H.H.S.....	0	Nov. 15
Ypsilanti	0	P.H.H.S.....	14	Nov. 21
U. of D.	6	P.H.H.S.....	20	Nov. 27

TEAM

L. E.—Black.
 L. T.—Hartson.
 L. G.—G. Moore, L. Barry.
 C.—C. Bonnett (Capt.), R. Carson.
 R. G.—Stuart, Lane.
 R. T.—Ross, Sullivan.
 R. E.—Langtry.
 Q. B.—Caulkett.
 R. H. B.—Mugavero, Dixon.
 L. H. B.—Philip, Hill.
 F. B. F.—Moore.



The "Student" has received exchanges from a few High Schools of Michigan, for which it thanks them. It is the object of the "Student" to become better acquainted with the ideas, activities, and school spirit of the various high schools of our state. It is not its object to criticize, but to aid others and to improve the "Student."

We have received exchanges from the following schools:

The "Breeze," Albion High School, Albion, Mich.

The "Beacon," Western High School, Detroit, Mich.

The "Optimist," Ann Arbor High School, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The "Reflector," Jackson High School, Jackson, Mich.

The "Breeze"

The class spirit manifested in your magazine is to be desired. It is this spirit that carries the day in all athletic and interclass struggles.

The "Beacon"

The Fall number of the Beacon contains many interesting stories and poems. The contributors to the paper are evidently interested in the English department of their school.

The "Optimist"

Ann Arbor has always been known for her "pep." The interest in athletics shown in your magazine, is to be commended.

The "Reflector"

The students of the Jackson High School are to be complimented upon their "paper." The editorial, entitled "Are You Doing Your Bit?" in regards to helping the staff in editing a paper is an article that ought to be read by students.



Caught.

Smile!



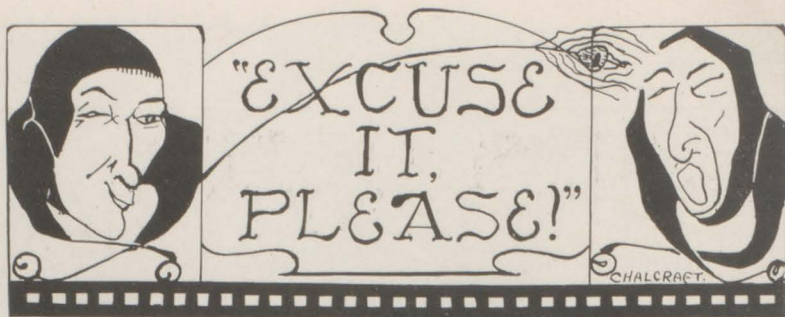
a Pair.

Junior Presidents.



Picnic?





G. Norris in Hist. 7—"The nearer the Japanese get to the Atlantic the thinner they get."

Mrs. Naumann, in French—"I saw the Count of Monte Christo in the movies but it was too hair-raising for me."

Brilliant Youth—"Mr. Hungerford ought to see that."

CLASS STONES

Freshman—Emerald.

Juniors—Grindstone.

Sophs.—Blarney.

Seniors—Tombstone.

THE PHILOSOPHER

If we could sharpen our wits as we do our pencils the pencil sharpener companies would be swamped with business from the high schools of America.

If brains were selling for 5c an ounce the College Algebra class couldn't afford a sack of peanuts.

It isn't the man who has the most brains that wins, but the man who uses what he has.

A young clerk at the book-counter in a department store was asked for "Lamb's Tales."

"On the fourth floor, in the fur department," she said.

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along and I'll Fiji."

"I wish," he growled, that you would make
Good things like mother used to bake."

"And I," she growled back, unafraid,

"Wish you'd make dough like father made."

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Class Crepe Hanger—Mr. Miller.
Most Useful—Catherine Philbrick.
Crankiest—Francina Fead.
Most Bashful—Ed. Moore.
Woman Hater—Alton Reeves.
Class Athlete—Hugh Ross.
Most Studious—Eugene Wulfrum.
Most Conceited—John Howard.
Laziest—Harwood Fenner.

"Oh, dear me, I'm so excited
I don't know what to do.
My poor head's in an awful whirl
I'm getting nervous, too."
So soliloquized Frank Allen
As he hunted in his muff
And from its funny depths brought forth
A snowy powder puff.

—X. Y. Z.

All soup at the banquet was eaten in the key of "C."

"Genius burns—but only when the power is turned on"

"What would you do if you had to work as steady as a
clock, Tommy?"

"I'd strike, sir."

"What building has the most stories here?"

"Hotel Harrington."

"Naw, the library."

THE SOLDIER WHO OBEYED ORDERS

"I am sorry I cannot tell you where I am because I'm
not allowed to say, but I venture to state that I am where I
was, but where I was before I left here to go where I've come
from."

Miss Hayward—"How much time has elapsed between
the first and second stanzas?"

Carl Lasher—"From sundown to sunset."

Freshman—"Why did you borrow that magnifying glass?"

Senior—"To make this dime look like a quarter."

A. Stevenson, in Hist. 7.—"In the black shadows of the old pines in Pine Grove Park two men were murdered in broad day light."

Miss Ross—"See this is the way to sew hooks and eyes on."

Thelma Sawdon—"Do you have to baste them on?"

B. Stewart—"I left my watch home and I'm lost without it."

V. Franklin—"It must have been a compass."

H. Hungerford—"Why is it that a lawn mower stops when you stop pushing it?"

W. Hartman (in 7th Hour Spanish Class)—"Let go of my hands, I want to talk."

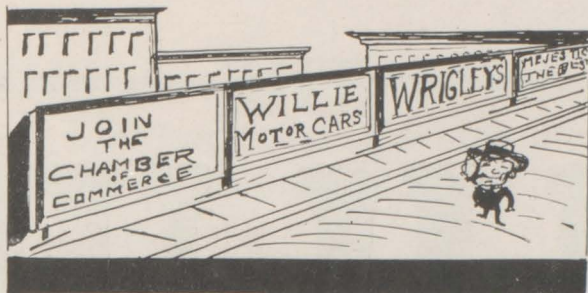
"After man comes woman—and she's been after him ever since."

"About the nearest some girls come to helping their mother with the housework is to sweep the room with a glance."

"All is not fair in love. We've seen some mighty sweet brunettes."

If it's heads we go to the movies, tails we go to bed, and if it stands on edge—we study.

ChaPin
CamerOn
KiLby
MartIn
McCollum
KrEss
NauMann
Miller
ANderson



ADVERTISEMENTS

DEAR SCHOOLMATES YOU'VE BEEN VERY TRUE,
 TO LOOK THIS CHRISTMAS STUDENT THROUGH.
 BUT JUST BEFORE YOU TURN AND GO,
 PLEASE GIVE THE MERCHANTS HERE A SHOW.
 LOOK THROUGH THESE ADS BOTH BIG AND SMALL,
 SEE WHAT YOU WANT THEN GO AND CALL.
 ALSO REMEMBER ITS A VERY GOOD RULE,
 TO PATRONIZE THOSE WHO HELP THE SCHOOL.
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BRENNAN'S

Complete Home Furnisher



Haynes Lumber Company

HORACE GREELEY'S ADVICE TO THE YOUNG MAN WAS

"GO WEST"

There was a period in the history of our fair city when this was the best counsel we could tender our young men graduates, but the present is good and the future looks brighter and great will be the opportunities for the young people with the "*Pep and Pluck*" to advance who will stay in the "*Old Home Town*" and be contented to work and encounter the same obstacles in life that will be encountered in any field of activity. The acquaintances you have and your standing in the community, are assets acquired, which you would be obliged to win in a new location.

So we say to you now, when the future looks so bright, stay here, work, grow up with, and help build the best town the sun ever shone upon.

"The Little Old Town at the Foot of the Lake"

A dashing young chauffeur named Cline
For speeding paid a fine
Till in sheer desperation
He tried aviation,
And speeds where the law cannot climb.

A. C. Kuhr

NOTIONS

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CHRISTMAS

D. Mac Taggart Co.

"The Christmas Store"

Eugene Dimmick—"Professor, does the moon affect the tide?"
Mr. Hungerford—"Only the un-tied."

Harlan Hungerford to his father—"Say Dad, I don't see how I make any progress in walking; when I put one foot forward I put the other one back."

The Store For

Christmas Novelties

For Women

*You will find Gift
Suggestions
Every Department*

Shop Early

Eichhorn & Hogan

Fine Dry Goods

Chiropractic

What is it?

What has it done for others?

What will it do for you?

Investigate!

Schwab Bros.

Chiropractic Physicians

Corner Wall and Military Streets

Shoes

*never cost more
at....*

Mann & Johnson's

921 MILITARY STREET

The Store of Exclusive Styles

Spauldings

906 Military Street

Ladies' and Misses'

Ready-to-Wear

Exclusively

A store devoted to the wants of women of all classes who desire stylish outer garments at moderate prices.

Spaulding & Spaulding

One Price To All

SYNCPATION

JAZZAPATION

Hess Orchestra

ELMER H. HESS

Leader

Port Huron, Michigan

Phone 2505

Frank S. Henson

Men's Wear

220 Huron Avenue

Phone 420

DON'TS

Don't obey your teacher—she's only placed in school for an ornament.

Don't study too hard—it weakens your brain.

Don't chew gum—it makes the teachers hungry.

Don't whisper in the session room—you might disturb someone's slumber.

Harry Ross—"The ballot will be much safer in the hands of women than the rolling pin."

Fine Footwear

Fenner Shoe Co.

ED. DIETRICH, Manager

Corner Huron Avenue and Quay Street

Just North of Bridge

WATCHES, DIAMONDS and JEWELRY—BEST GOODS FOR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

C. W. Mosher

THE STORE WITH THE STREET CLOCK

209 Huron Avenue

Phone 545

"The Reliable Store"

You Lessen Your Worries

When you buy at Ballentine's.

You save time by making your call first, where the stock is largest
and prices moderate.

The Ballentine Dry Goods Co.

We Sell McCall Patterns

The Store That Sells Wooltex

Compliments of

McElroy Shoe Co.

Old Maid—"That hotel clerk is so flattering."

Second Old Maid—"Do tell."

Old Maid—"Think of it, he put 'suite 16' after my name on the
register."

When a girl is a belle she likes to be tolled so.

It's better to have loved and lost,

Than to be married and be bossed.

You Can Never "Go Wrong"

on a Show at

The Family

H. E. Runnels & Son

Successors to J. W. Goulding
& Co.

JEWELERS and OPTICIANS

105 Huron Ave. Port Huron

Geo. D. MacComb

VOICE and PIANO

Yokom Building

Richardson, Baker Company

934 Sixth Street Telephone 141

A. W. McNINCH

Funeral Director

Successor to George Thompson

PORT HURON

MICHIGAN

A. L. MINNIE

Quality Cash Market

614 Water Street

Phone 1398

"Isn't your wife dogmatic?"

She was when the poodle dogs were in style but now she's automatic."

Smith Brothers

5 PURE FOOD STORES

Our Own Bakery in Connection

Great Lakes Foundry Company

Port Huron, Mich

HEINIE, THE HIGH SCHOOL

BARBER

1023 Military Street

Opposite the Harrington

A. C. Collver & Co.

FINE GROCERIES

South Park

*Broad Millinery
Stores Co.*

IT'S AN UP-TO-DATE HAT IF
YOU BUY IT OF US

230 Huron Avenue
Over Mahar's Shoe Store
Walk Up a Flight and Save a \$

*The J. A. Davidson
Company*

HENRY B. SIBILLA, Manager

*FURNITURE, CARPETS, RUGS
DRAPERIES, WALL PAPER
CHINA, LAMPS
LIBBEY CUT GLASS*

905-907 Military Street
Port Huron, Mich.

The teacher of the class of Physiology put to the Freshie this question:

"How many ribs have you?"

"I don't know," replied the Freshie, shaking at the very thought,
"I'm so ticklish I never could count them."

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AT SYLVESTER'S

H. T. UNGER

"EVERYTHING FOR THE SPORTSMAN AND ATHLETE"

227 HURON AVENUE

Expert in Examination and Correction of Defective Vision

B. W. HARDY, Opt. D.

OPTOMETRIST

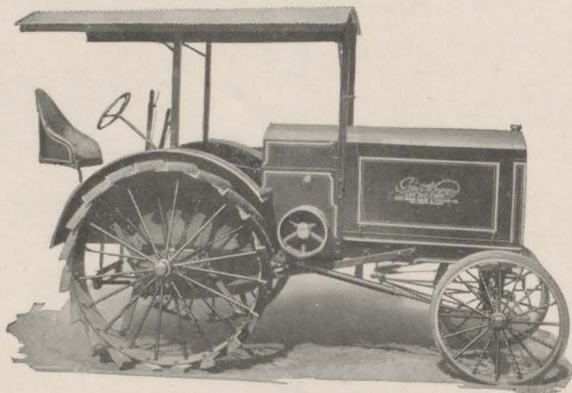
MANUFACTURING OPTICIAN

Phone 2038

201 Huron Avenue

Miss Northrup (giving assignment in Eng. 7)—"Tomorrow, you must be able to explain everything you can't understand."

Port Huron Farm Power Machinery



Port Huron 12-25 H. P. Farm Tractor

INDIVIDUAL OR COMMUNITY THRESHERS A SPECIALTY

Port Huron Engine & Thresher Company
PORT HURON, MICH.

BUILDERS OF FARM POWER MACHINERY SINCE 1851

Students Attention!

MY MOTTO IS:

"HONEST GOODS AT THE RIGHT PRICE"

You will be well satisfied if you buy

HARDWARE, TOOLS, GIFTS, TOYS OR GAMES HERE

Charles A. Sturmer

"The Military Street Hardware and Toy Store"

"Say it with Flowers"

WE SPECIALIZE IN CORSAGE
BOUQUETS

Asman
LEADING FLORIST

323 Huron Avenue

Springer &
Rose

....The Home of....

Hart Schaffner &
Marx Clothes

205 Huron Avenue



WM. O. LEE

—Seller of—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS
CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, TIN WARE

IN FACT EVERYTHING FOR THE KITCHEN

Phone 203-F1

2408 Connor Street

COMPLIMENTS

....of....

Moak Machine and Tool Co.

MACHINE SHOP AND BRASS FOUNDRY

Port Huron, Michigan

Miss Northrup (in Eng. 7)—“Where is your outline?”

H. Hungerford—“I haven’t any.”

Miss Northrup—“Please follow it carefully.”

We wonder if all the “Freshies’” green faces will be as red as Albert Hogan’s when they get to be Seniors.

CALL 1547

Y. M. C. A.

AFTER THE GAME



The Howard-Hayman Furniture Co.

BAER BLOCK

PHONE 130

J. C. PENNEY CO., a Nation Wide Institution

You Take No Chances

When you trade with the J. C. Penney Co., and you are sure to beat the high cost of living if you take advantage of the marvelous low prices which they offer at all times.

100 New Stores This Spring

Just think of it. This spring the Penney Co. are to open 100 new stores making a total of 297 stores operating throughout the United States.

If you want the most for your money, visit the

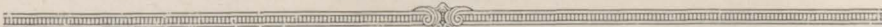
J. C. Penney Co.

197 Busy Stores

The Store With the Yellow Front

908 Military Street

J. C. PENNEY CO., a Nation Wide Institution



J. C. PENNEY CO., a Nation Wide Institution

J. C. PENNEY CO., a Nation Wide Institution

FOR GOOD CLOTHES SEE

MITCHELL
THE TAILOR

924 MILITARY STREET

IF IT'S AN

Israel Photograph

YOU KNOW IT'S GOOD

BUNTES AND LOWNIES
CHOCOLATES

DOM. GRAZIADEI

Jacobi-Bowen Company

....Headquarters for....

KUPPENHEIMER—HIRSHWICKWIRE FINE SUITS AND
OVERCOATS

....Also Agent for....

S. W. PECK & CO.'S CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

914 Military Street

The Immediate Future

THE PAST FEW YEARS HAS BROUGHT
TO THE BUSINESS WORLD GREAT
CHANGES. THINGS WILL NEVER BE AS
THEY WERE.

WE CANNOT HELP BUT THINK OF
THE CHANGES TO WHICH WE MUST ADAPT
OURSELVES QUICKLY. NO MAN CAN TELL
US WHAT HIS PART WILL BE, BUT THIS
WE DO KNOW, CO-OPERATION WILL FIND
THE WAY TO SUCCESS. LET US BE READY.

PORT HURON IS FACING A GREAT OP-
PORTUNITY. CO-OPERATION WON THE
WAR. CONTINUED CO-OPERATION SHOULD
BE OUR AIM. WE ARE ON THE HIGHWAY
TO A LOT OF GOOD THINGS, AND TO BE
READY FOR THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE WE
NEED YOUR CO-OPERATION.

*Port Huron
Chamber of Commerce*

FRED G. RAUSER

JOB PRINTING

Phone 249-W

101 Huron Avenue

FRED GARDNER

GIL PRIMEAU

Avenue Barber Shop

FOUR CHAIRS

303 Huron Avenue

2nd Door North Grand River Avenue

He—"I was awfully nervous when I proposed to you."
She—"And I was awfully nervous until you did."

Teacher—"What are the mumps?"
Elaine Schell—"Oh, they are a swell disease."

HOT FUDGE SUNDAES

HOT LUNCHES

HOT CHOCOLATE

HOT MALTED MILK

HOT COFFEE

BEST CANDIES MADE

Sylvester's Drug Store

THE STUDENTS' MEETING PLACE

Boyce Hardware Co.

923-925 MILITARY STREET

....HEADQUARTERS FOR....

Builders' Hardware

Housekeepers' Supplies

Paints, Oils, Etc., Etc.

You Know the Place

*"The Big Store
on the Corner"*

KNOX

Dry Goods Co.

QUALITY - LOW PRICES - SERVICE
Sperry's
Port Huron, Michigan

::FOR EVERYTHING::

Millinery Ready-to-Wear Gloves
Hosiery Shoes Underwear
Jewelry Men's and Boys' Wear
Hardware House Furnishings
China and Glassware
and a Big Bargain Basement

PAY CASH AND PAY LESS



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